

100 YEARS OF MEDICINE

DISCOVERY OF ANAESTHESIA: GERM THEORY AND ITS RESULTS.

The Roentgen Ray—Improvements in Microscopy—Practical Effects of the Advance in Medicine.

While one of the greatest practical discoveries was made during the first half of the century, namely, that of anaesthesia, nevertheless the first fifty years was marked by a very slow advance; in point of fact, the last twenty-five years of the century seems to have been the ripening time, the harvest of medical discovery.

As early as 1800 the discovery of anaesthesia was foreshadowed by Sir Humphrey Davy in describing nitrous oxide gas. Sir Humphrey wrote as follows: "As nitrous oxide gas in its extensive operation seems capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations in which no great loss of blood takes place." It was not, however, until forty years later that this observation bore fruit. This seems especially remarkable in view of the fact that the gas was frequently used for amusement, many people submitting themselves to its effect for this purpose, and from such use it received the name of "laughing gas." It remained for Horace Wells, a dentist, of Hartford, Conn., to demonstrate its true value. On Dec. 11, 1844, Wells had a tooth extracted without suffering while under the influence of laughing gas. His exclamation on awakening was that "a new era in tooth-drawing had been entered upon." Two years after Wells's success with nitrous oxide, Dr. T. G. Morton, of Boston, another dentist, administered ether for the purpose of removing a tooth without pain. On Oct. 17, 1846, ether was first used in a surgical operation by Dr. Warren, who was led to try it by Morton's importunities. Of course, Morton's claim to the discovery was contested. Dr. Charles J. Jackson, of Boston, urged that he had suggested the use of ether to Morton, and that he, therefore, was entitled to the honor; yet the testimony of those who had personal knowledge of the facts is that Jackson refused to be present at any of the earlier operations, and disclaimed all responsibility for any accident which might occur. To Simpson, of Edinburgh, who, on Nov. 10, 1847, introduced the new anaesthetic, the discovery of chloroform has been credited, and in 1848 the A. C. E. mixture was first brought before the chloroform committee of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. This mixture, which consists of one part alcohol, two parts chloroform and three parts ether, has probably been used more extensively than any other anaesthetic, though its inventor is unknown.

A GREATER DISCOVERY.

Of far greater importance than even the discovery of anaesthetics was the discovery that the communicable diseases were due to bacteria. The germ theory may perhaps be said to be an evolution, since it was evolved from the observations of many workers. The first person who wrote concerning it was a Jesuit named Athanasius Kircher. This observer found living organisms in all sorts of foul matter—decomposing blood, infected air, water, etc. The date of Kircher's observations seem to have been about 1657. Of course, he was unable to see bacteria, for the microscope of his time was too crude for this purpose. What he did see, and how he saw, remains a mystery, but he drew his conclusions that if putrefaction was caused outside of the body by microscopic life, then these minute living organisms in the blood within the body must necessarily cause putrefaction there also and thus give rise to disease. Of course, the development of the microscope, improvements made in the polishing and construction of lenses have been of the greatest importance in the evolution of the germ theory, and it is not strange when we remember this to find that Anthony Van Leeuwenhoek, of Delft, a lens maker, was the first to see and describe bacteria.

The next great step in the evolution of the germ theory was the classification of the germs. While contributions were made to this at various times during the opening years of the century, it was not until 1838 that Christian Gottfried Ehrenberg made a more or less systematic classification. Ehrenberg's observations were made with an improved microscope, and he seems to have been the first observer to take up the coloring of the bacteria by means of pigments. Ehrenberg created a new era in the study of bacteriology—1838, 1870 and 1875 all mark new eras. In 1838 Pasteur commenced his work; in 1870 Sir Joseph Lister applied the teachings of the germ theory to surgery for the purpose of preventing the entrance of germs into surgical wounds, and in 1875 Ferdinand Cohn contributed knowledge of great value in still more accurately classifying disease bacteria. The benefit conferred upon mankind by Lister's work cannot be overestimated; in many surgical operations which resulted in 95 to 98 per cent. mortality the percentages have been reversed, and 95 to 98 per cent. of recoveries effected, and this splendid result is the direct outcome of Lister's work. Deductive reasoning based upon the proof of the germ theory has raised medicine to the dignity of a true science. It may be said that everything in medicine, with the exception of bacteriology, has its foundation in pure empiricism. Nearly all the botanical drugs have originated as the result of crude experiments. For cinchona, which is one of the more valuable remedial agents we have, we are indebted to the instincts of the Peruvian Indians, and it was something like two hundred years before the medical profession ceased deprecating it. Exact knowledge concerning disease germs has made it possible for us, first, to avoid infection; second, to accurately diagnose various diseases; third, to rationally and successfully treat a number of diseases by means of antitoxins.

MEN WHO DID THE WORK.

The list of the most brilliant observers of special varieties of disease germs in the immediate past would include Pasteur, who isolated the bacillus of malignant pustule or anthrax, also that of pneumonia, and discovered or devised the anti-rabic or hydrophobic antitoxin; Koch, who isolated the germs of tuberculosis and Asiatic cholera; Loeffler, who found the bacillus of diphtheria and Klebs, who collaborated with him; Dancielson, the discoverer of the germ of leprosy and Hansen, his co-discoverer, who, with Koch, were the first to isolate the bacillus of leprosy; Roux and Behring, who perhaps divide the honor of having found the antitoxin of diphtheria; Haller, who discovered the bacillus of typhus and typhoid; Obermaier, the discoverer of the bacillus of relapsing fever; Laveran, who first showed the parasitic nature of the cause of malaria; Kitasato, the brilliant

Japanese observer and pupil of Koch, who gave us accurate knowledge concerning the bubonic plague and an antitoxin for its cure and prevention. A hundred others might be added to this list of men who have contributed valuable knowledge in the history of work, and we may confidently expect that the future will be quite as prolific as the past in the observation and application of exact, useful knowledge concerning disease germs.

To name and describe all the disease-producing microbes that have been studied and classified would require more space than can be spared in an article of this character. It is interesting, however, to take a look over one of the principal results of bacteriological research, that in which we are most interested, namely, the production of antitoxins for the prevention and cure of microbial disease. The principle upon which the production of antitoxins depends is very old; it is that every poison has its antidote. Every disease is a case of poisoning by the products of the germ life. The study of disease germs has enabled us to isolate more or less perfectly, outside of the body, the poisons they produce. These poisons, or toxins as they are called, are given to animals in progressively increasing amounts, the initial dose being a very small one, only sufficient to poison the animal very slightly. We find that nature gradually tolerates larger and larger doses until finally the animal is able to withstand the effects of a dose many times larger than would have killed it in the beginning. In the case of the antitoxin of diphtheria, which is the best known and which affords, perhaps, the best example of all, the animal used is the horse. To commence with, a young, vigorous and healthy horse is injected with an amount of diphtheria poison or toxin sufficient to kill ten thousand guinea pigs, each weighing 250 grammes. After from three to five days, as soon as the symptoms of poisoning caused by the dose have disappeared, a second injection, slightly larger than the first, is given. In order to partly neutralize the effects of these great doses of poison, a certain amount of antitoxin may be given the animal. At periods of from five to eight days the animal is again injected until two months have elapsed, when it is found to be able to withstand ten to twenty times the original amount without showing the effects of poisoning. At the end of three months the serum of the blood of the horse should contain about six hundred units of antitoxin to each cubic centimetre. A unit is the amount of antitoxin which protects a guinea pig weighing 250 grammes, from one hundred fatal doses of diphtheria poison.

When the blood of the horse is found, by slight bleeding and tests with guinea pigs, to contain the antitoxin in this strength, the animal is carefully bled, and the serum separated from the fibrin of the blood. Of course, not enough blood is taken from the horse to do him any material harm, thus the animal can be bled again and again over a considerable period of time. The names of Heule, Virchow, Schwan, Lieber Kuhn, Hoppe-Seyler, Dalton and Austin Flint indicate to the physician complex physiological operations, the chemico-vital mechanism of which was solved by their patient study.

ROENTGEN RAYS.

The most brilliant and dramatic discovery of the century and one of great utility, was made by Roentgen, in 1895, who then announced the discovery of the X-ray. At first the world accepted this announcement with incredulity; that any form of light or energy would enable us to see through opaque bodies seemed incomprehensible. Time, however, proved the truth of the announcement, and today we are accustomed to view the skeleton of living man without astonishment.

THE DEPENDENCE OF MEDICINE UPON ITS CORRELATED SCIENCES HAS MADE ITS ADVANCE A COMPARATIVELY SLOW ONE SINCE MEDICAL DISCOVERIES HAVE NECESSARILY FOLLOWED IN THE WAKE OF THOSE IN THE OTHER SCIENCES.

Improvements in microscopical lenses opened up the great field of bacteriology; advances of chemistry have enabled us to isolate the active principles of drugs; thus morphine was discovered by Serturner in 1815; quinine, the active principle of cinchona, was discovered by Pelletier and Caventou in 1820; the discovery of other alkaloids followed, and the most important one isolated in recent times was that of coca, cocaine, which was found by A. Niemann in 1829 or 1830. Its value as a local anaesthetic was discovered by Dr. Carl Koller, of Vienna, in 1883, while recently Dr. Leonard Corning, of New York, found that when a solution of cocaine was injected into the spinal canal it will shut off sensation from the lower trunk and limbs, enabling surgical operations to be performed in these areas without pain.

CHEMISTRY.

Advances in chemistry have also given us the so-called synthetic remedies. The elements of these remedies separated from the useless residue of the substance, the latter having been regrouped by the chemists, forming new substances of great therapeutic value. Chief among these are salol, acetanilid, antipyrine, phenacetin, resorcin, phenacetin, trional and sulfolan.

The application of electricity to medicine—electrical therapeutics—has in the last quarter of the century made enormous strides. Magnetic, static and dynamic electricity and galvanism have been applied to a wide range of use. The sinusoidal or wave current, devised by Edison, promises to give us a new agent in effecting local anaesthesia and in developing muscular structures.

At present medicine is advancing at almost railroad speed; instruments of precision for the purpose of diagnosis, like the stethoscope, ophthalmoscope and sphygmograph have been invented together with many others almost equally useful. In the field of surgery, the lithotrite, the urethrotome, the laryngeal tube and the Murphy intestinal button have contributed to reduce the mortality from operations. Medical books ten years old are as ancient and antiquated as historical works. Recently a great medical encyclopedia, of many volumes was revised—the original work was published not more than ten years ago—and it was found that more than one-half of the original text had to be entirely cut out and rewritten.

IT IS NATURALLY ASKED, WHAT IS THE PRACTICAL EFFECT OF ALL THIS ADVANCE IN MEDICINE?

Has the death rate been reduced and the average length of man's life increased? A study of the mortality tables of New York city shows that in the past twenty-five years the death rate has been reduced from 28 per thousand to 18 per thousand, and that the infantile mortality, that is, the number of children dying under five years of age, has been reduced one-third. It is impossible to give figures concerning the relative amount of sickness and demonstrate the saving of time, consequently money, for time is money, on account of disease, or to estimate the enormous reduction in pain and suffering, the direct outcome of the progress of medicine in the nineteenth century. No statistics of these facts are kept nor can they be kept. We need not, however, apply a measure to ascertain these reductions, they are so great as to be patent to all.

CYRUS EDSON, M. D.

His Idea of Trimming.

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

PERFECTED LOVE: IT IS AN INSPIRATION TO PERFECT LIVING.

Sermon by Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman, D. D., Pastor First Congregational Church, Portland, Oregon.

"Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth."—1st Cor., xiii, 7.

Paul is the prince of definers. Like Shakespeare, he describes the ways of the heart once for all; yet his description is infinitely more inclusive, infinitely more conclusive. When once he has spoken, it is impossible to add to the truth and beauty of his words.

Others before and since Paul have characterized love. Goldsmith called it "a method of protracting our greatest pleasure"; De Musset, "the fever of the soul"; Theodore Parker, "the piety of the affections"; Liebnitz, "delight in the happiness of another." But whichever of these definitions may be considered best, they all fall short of Paul's, which gives the finest characteristic, namely, its persistence in spite of the sin and ingratitude of the beloved. Others have described love chiefly by the pleasure that attends it; Paul by the service it renders.

This famous 13th of Corinthians is called "The Love Chapter." We cannot quote it all here; read it, study it, verse by verse and as a whole. Our English word "charity" (the incomplete rendering of the old translation) comes far short of expressing the original significance; the revised version has it "love," which more nearly represents Paul's meaning, though still inadequately, as we shall see. He plainly shows us that love transcends benevolence. He eloquently tells us that love is more than eloquence. He keenly discerns that it is more profound than wisdom, greater than faith, superior to hope, nobler than martyrdom.

Then, having exhausted every word of comparison, he comes directly to the point and says, "love suffereth long and is kind"—patiently keeps its spirits up and makes itself useful. He chooses to say nothing of love's gains. Love is too rich to seek its own. It is by nature overflowing. It lives to give.

Thus far Paul has described love as the virtue that is neither selfish nor resentful; but it occurs to him that there are revelations of the corruption of others that grind into dust the last remnant of admiration; there are burdens of ingratitude and wrong beneath which our respect for others is crushed. A man may shame his parents, a son maltreat his mother, a husband wrong his wife, a sinner crucify his Savior; love may look long yet find nothing lovely nor lovable in its objects. Will love stand such a strain?

Yes; for "love never faileth." The word in the original is "falleth" or "stumbleth," and the significance is that when we can no longer admire, respect or love others in their conduct—when every other feeling from them has fallen, stumbling or felling down beneath the dead weight of their sinfulness, love treads stoutly, cheerfully on, bravely bearing its burden. This Tennyson meant when he sang "Love is love forever more; love will never fail."

FOUR BRILLIANT HUES.

Let the rays of love fall on the prism of thought, and four brilliant hues appear. First, love's mantle. "Love beareth all things," or to quote again the better original, "covereth all things." This is the "mantle of charity" with which he shields the erring one from the heartless gaze of an unsympathetic world. A friend has fallen, wronged himself and us; we receive tenderly his voluntary confession and will not tear off the cloak to parade his sins before others; we cover him from the rude curiosity and malicious gloating of the unfriendly rather than spread the rumor of his sins to no purpose but his injury. Love does not gossip; it cannot slander. When necessary to speak to him who has sinned or of him to others, love speaks for greater sorrow for him than for itself, even though the sin has wronged it most of all. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend"—faithful, but not reproachful, not unkind, and, duty done, love forgives and forgets.

Second, love's creed—simple in statement but comprehensive and varied in application. "Love believeth all things"—not all the ill reports that come to its ears—these it is loath to believe; but until a man's wickedness be proven, at least, love withholds its decision, believes all things that it can in his favor and puts the best possible construction upon his action. Forced to acknowledge the fault, instead of being quick to impute rascally or unfriendly motives.

How rarely a man, viewing matters from his own standpoint, thinks himself wholly wrong; there are to his mind, and rightly oftentimes, many mitigating circumstances. We should at least put ourselves in his place, consider all things that have led to the sin and be charitable in our judgment.

The world cares nothing for the underlying facts. It sees only the overt act and is quick and harsh in its conclusions. It has no sympathy, nothing but censure, for the actual commission of even that of which it may itself be in spirit guilty. It remorselessly condemns one who perhaps is, all in all, more innocent in his unsuccessfully resisted temptation than others in their easy virtue—one who, goaded beyond endurance, fell in his weakness more sinned against than sinning. Thoughtlessness and ignorance more often than malevolence and selfishness are at the bottom of this cruelty. But love is ever ignorant of the palliating facts. It has not lived in selfish forgetfulness of the trials, temptations and failures of mankind. With ready sympathy it appreciates the loneliness, fancied injuries, even the sinful thoughts, that bit by bit have undermined the character or led to the unhappy action. It sees and appreciates and is ready to forgive, provided the sinner's sorrow is genuine.

INEXCUSABLE FACTS.

Still the facts are sometimes found to be inexcusable. The wrong-doer's heart is hardened, his deed is wickedly designed and unregretted, and love is compelled at length to feel and admit the full force of a friend's deep guilt.

Then it is that we see, thirdly, love's halo. "Love hopeth all things." When it cannot in kindness cover sin, nor in justice believe it pardonable, it can at least hope. Over the ruins of betrayed confidence it sheds the halo of hope. "He has sinned, but he will repent." She did wrong, but she has learned the bitter lesson and will no again be led astray." The very blackness of the sin gives hope. Surely the image of God will reassert itself in the soul after such extremity. Hope never dies while love lives.

Love is the unconquerable virtue. It is the citadel of righteousness. The walls of the heart may fall, the paths of our affection be ruthlessly trampled, the temple

of loving fancy be laid in ruins; but love stands at the center towering above disappointment, regret and remorse, the undefiled, unfallen fortress of the soul. We watch our beloved and see property squandered, reputation blasted, the body stricken, the soul in peril, and we say, "Love never gives up its life." Where it cannot excuse the past it cheerfully hopes for the future.

Fourthly, love's scars. "Love endureth all things." This is its last refuge. The time does come when its "star of hope grows dim or disappears." But it can still endure; it can bear bravely up under the awful blows and uncomplainingly carry the scars to the grave. "It is pressed on every side yet not straitened, perplexed yet not unto despair, smitten down yet not destroyed." It endureth and falleth not forever.

Thus God loves us. Our desires and habits may have changed, but we are still children of his love. Once we were pure, now unclean; once holy, now sinful; but it is who abide. The lost sheep is still the shepherd's sheep. It has strayed far afield, its fleece is soiled and torn, its body wasted, but it is still the sheep the shepherd loved when its fleece was spotted and its shelter safe, and he loves it still with an unalterable and eternal love.

The victorious cry of such absolutely perfect love rung out but once from human lips: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Such love Christ bids us have for God and neighbor. In the germ we have it. Hidden beneath enmities and jealousies, crushed well-nigh to death by the terrible competition of life, it is sometimes hard to realize that we are capable of love like God's. Without the inspiration of the one perfect life we shall surely fall of this good. But the love of Jesus, crystallized in history and set a living, budding force, is the sole hope and the sufficient guarantee of the restoration of perfect love to the human heart.

STEALING A COURTHOUSE.

"That streak of yellow sand over there is all that's left of Penner-ile," the cowboy remarked, as he pointed his thumb toward a barren spot of earth lying in the midst of a level sweep of prairie two or more miles to the west. "Penner-ile," he added, "was one time the county seat of Lone Wolf, and if it hadn't been for Nancy Newby and Champ Ellerson Penner-ile might have been traveling afoot through Lone Wolf county, and had met this swarthy plainsman riding his pony at an ambling gait along the prairie highway. I ventured to halt him as he approached, and when he had brought his wiry little steed to a standstill he looked inquiringly down upon me.

"Does this road lead to Weeping Willow?" I asked.

"It do, stranger," replied the horseman, in an abrupt but kindly tone of voice.

"Is there a town hereabout called Penner-royal?" I next inquired. I had such a town on my visiting list.

The cowboy's answer has already been chronicled. All that remained of Penner-royal was a streak of sand. No vestige of a building remained, not even a stone large enough to mark a grave. Where once glowed the firesides of a happy, prosperous people, sand-fleas and lizards now held high carnival; and the piping notes of the kildue, mingled with the plaint of the prairie owl, more often awoke the echoes than did the voice of man.

"Penner-ile was laid out for a big city," the cowboy continued, when he saw that I was interested and inclined to listen to his story. "But John Winslow ruined its prospects when he got the county courthouse located there. You see, when he came West, he had a pretty good stake. He had made it suddenly back East—nobody knows exactly how, but he got out to make money. He laid out a town and named it Amoryville, or something like that, after a flower, he said, that grew back East. Now, we cattle-drovers couldn't stand anything like that, an' we told him that we would have to give his town a name that was more in keeping with its surroundings. There was nothing more plentiful in that locality than skunkweed and penner-ile, an' he must make a choice between them two weeds. So the town was called Penner-ile."

"Not along after that Lone Wolf county was laid out, and Winslow got the county seat located in his town, an' he was elected judge of the court. Meanwhile he had been paying his respects to Nancy Newby, who lived at Weepin' Willow, then only a bunch of shacks, on the south side of the Pemman river, five miles from Penner-ile. Nancy wasn't handsome by a good deal, but she was kind to everybody; an' there was no less than a hundred of us fellows that would have been glad to have as good a woman as Nancy for a wife. Her an' Newby had come from the same town Winslow hailed from, and they knew him pretty well. When Newby died he left a widow, a real smart, property an' money. Some say that Winslow swindled her out of part of her money, but people who said that didn't know Nancy very well. Winslow got powerful important when he was made judge, although he didn't know any more about law than a coyote. When any of the boys got yanked up for some deviltry they didn't call it a fine nor a sentence—they called it Winslow's soothin' syrup, an' paid for their medicine without a kick."

"I was going to tell you about the widder. She owned all the land around Weepin' Willow, besides a big cattle ranch further down the Pemman. Alongside of her land was Champ Ellerson's big cattle ranch. Champ has a heart as big as a load of hay, an' as the widder lived in Weepin' Willow, he took it on himself to look after her farms, just like any neighbor ought to do. But the story got started that he had his eye on the widder and would like to be a rival of Judge Winslow's. It must have been a mighty awkward situation for Champ, for he was handier at boxing calves than courtin' a woman. He an' I had bunked together for mighty nigh ten years, an' I had never known him to take a hand at courtin' before. One day he says to me, 'Pard, I've been tryin' to lasso Nancy Newby, but every time I throw the rope she dodges.' I knew what he meant; he had been tryin' to ask Nancy to marry him, but he hadn't studied woman nature well enough yet to know how to open up the game just right."

"About this time people around Weepin' Willow began to wonder why Champ had been so stupid as to let Judge Winslow get a cinch on the courthouse. Nancy Newby had plenty of money which she was willin' to put up, an' it wasn't long before there was a fight on hand to move the courthouse to Weepin' Willow. An' then was the time Champ played a high card. He goes to Nancy and proposes to have the courthouse moved to Weepin' Willow within sixty days, providin' she would consent to have her name written on the first marriage license issued from the clerk's office after that event."

"That depends on the other name in the license," she replied, not knowin' whether Champ was crazy or in dead earnest. "It'll not be Judge Winslow," my pard replied, "I've repented in Washin' by a heap mo' Congressmen than you is."

File and Fisticula Cure.

Sample treatment of our Red Cross File and Fisticula Cure and book explaining cause and cure sent free to any address by mail. DR. REA & CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

From the high point, out over stormy water,
After its white electric rays are cast;
Alike the signal of dark, grim-mouthed danger,
And beacon star of home, with perils past.

O you great souls, who with such soul-wrought labor
Have climbed to heights so far above our reach,
Tell not of spirit thrives the journey cost you,
Give not to pangs of self your speech.

But look far out, look on into the future—
Tell us of higher loves and sweeter aims;
Franchises to us, and healing in the valleys,
The light life in a purer other wears.

Vincennes, Ind. —Mary Duncan Maxradon.

Hope.

And what is hope? A little flame
That burns within the hearts of men
Through all their lives; sometimes so low
It seems a faint and flickering glow
From dying embers. Often, when
In deepest anguish we exclaim,
"All hope is gone!" and feel the chill
Of cold misfortune's wintry blast,
And hear the world's harsh taunts and jeers,
"Thy utmost quench with floods of tears;
But still it burns until the last.
The glancing eye, the quickened breath
Tell us the end is drawing near—
E'en then the little flame still burns;
And love, with faith enduring, turns
Eyes heavenward, and sheds a tear
Of joy for hope burns still in death."
Indianapolis. —James William Callahan.

His Advantage.

Chicago Tribune.

"No, Eph'm," admitted the Carolina negro to the Northern relative, who was disposed to crow over him, "I don't have no vote, but I've repented in Washin' by a heap mo' Congressmen than you is."

bridge built over the Pemman. The people around there were puzzled to know what it meant, for nobody but me an' him an' the widder knew anything about the terms of his contract. The widder set in her house on the hill and watched the men work, just like a mother watches her children at play on the grass. In just fifty-eight days the bridge was finished. The time was gettin' uncomfortably close, but Champ was cheerful as a cricket and showed no discouragement.

"One more day was spent in preparin' for the boldest part of Champ's contract—the stealin' of the county courthouse. That night two hundred men, armed with Winchester, rode out toward Penner-ile, an' follerin' them was fifty teams of horses, an' a lot of trucks, ropes an' jackscaws. It was past midnight when we stole into the town and surrounded the courthouse, which, fortunately, was a light two-story frame building, with the courtroom below and the offices overhead. Before the citizens of the town were aware of it, we had the courthouse raised with the jackscaws, an' the trucks rolled under it, ready to start. Then somebody discovered us, an' raised an alarm. The men with Winchester fired a volley of blanks, an' scattered the residents to their homes. At daybreak the courthouse was well out of town, crawlin' slowly over the prairie toward Weepin' Willow. The citizens of Penner-ile, headed by the sheriff an' Judge Winslow, now charged us, but the men with Winchester held them back for a time. They fought us all that day, an' they kept re-inforcin' their men until it looked as if they'd round us up in spite of everything. But Champ kept whistlin' an' jokin' to cheer us fellows on. At sunset we got in sight of the bridge over the courthouse, poised to roll the courthouse. Winslow's crowd got thicker an' madder every minute, an' kept up a steady fire. Our men an' horses were nearly played out, an' some of us were carryin' bullets from the enemy. Champ showed signs of weakness, but when he caught sight of a figure standing on the porch of Nancy Newby's house, he seemed to take fresh energy. Nancy was wavin' at him.

"While we were advancin' step by step, Judge Winslow was hidin' some men to lay dynamite under the bridge, an' hang me if they didn't blow the north end of that bridge into splinters, when we were only a hundred yards away. This happened about dark, and Champ might nigh collapsed at this unexpected disaster. He called his men around him for council. It was impossible to go any further until the bridge was repaired. To do that would require a week's time, and his contract with Nancy was up at a'clock that night. I tell you, stranger, it looked hillous for my pard. He sent the teams an' drivers home, an' a few of the men with Winchester were hired to guard the courthouse until mornin'. Champ determined to save the courthouse even if he lost the widder. After supper he an' him lay down in the clerk's office to rest for the night.

"Now, stranger, the most unusual thing I ever saw happened before midnight. Along about 10 o'clock a big, black, roarin' cloud come up from the southwest. I saw we were in for a storm, for the weather was right for a big blow. Before we were aware of it a cyclone was comin' straight toward us. The earth shook, and the courthouse on wheels rocked like a cradle. As the storm struck us, the building raised in the air, Champ an' me a-holdin' on to whatever we could. Then came an awful crash, something fell on me, an' I was knocked senseless.

"The next mornin', stranger, when I opened my eyes, the sun was shinin' in my face. I was still in the clerk's office, lying on a table. Things were torn up all around us, but Champ was feelin' jolly as a robin. He was standin' by the window talkin' to Nancy, who was standin' by her window. You see the cyclone had picked up the courthouse, carried it across the Pemman, an' set it down right alongside o' Nancy's house."

"What became of Winslow?" I asked.

"Why, Nancy settled him. He commenced to raise a rumpus, an' Nancy says: 'John Winslow, where did you get all your wealth?' He hung his head for a minute, an' then lookin' up appealin' like to Nancy, he says: 'Nancy, if you'll never mention that agin, I'll move Penner-ile over to Weepin' Willow, an' be one of your honorable citizens.' An' he did, good day, stranger."

ALPHA COX.

THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

Dawn of the New Century.

Say not "The King is dead." An hundred years
He reigned in peace and war; the nations' joys
And tears
Kept step and time as ever on he pressed,
And led the world to nobler life, and blest.

Say not "The King is dead." His iron hands
Have airt the globe with web and woof of metal
bands,
And bound, with threads of thoughts, the separated
lands.

Say not "The King is dead." No little hour
Is his whose breath is time, his voice unmeasured
power.
The ages speak, and from each century's dawn
The flat rolls, and thus the world moves on.

"Long live the King!" And as he makes his
way
To lead the race along the somber roads, or gay,
The portal wide swings, and lo, a brighter day!
—Paul Mason.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

From the high point, out over stormy water,
After its white electric rays are cast;
Alike the signal of dark, grim-mouthed danger,
And beacon star of home, with perils past.

O you great souls, who with such soul-wrought labor
Have climbed to heights so far above our reach,
Tell not of spirit thrives the journey cost you,
Give not to pangs of self your speech.

But look far out, look on into the future—
Tell us of higher loves and sweeter aims;
Franchises to us, and healing in the valleys,
The light life in a purer other wears.

Vincennes, Ind. —Mary Duncan Maxradon.

Hope.

And what is hope? A little flame
That burns within the hearts of men
Through all their lives; sometimes so low
It seems a faint and flickering glow
From dying embers. Often, when
In deepest anguish we exclaim,
"All hope is gone!" and feel the chill
Of cold misfortune's wintry blast,
And hear the world's harsh taunts and jeers,
"Thy utmost quench with floods of tears;
But still it burns until the last.
The glancing eye, the quickened breath
Tell us the end is drawing near—
E'en then the little flame still burns;
And love, with faith enduring, turns
Eyes heavenward, and sheds a tear
Of joy for hope burns still in death."
Indianapolis. —James William Callahan.

His Advantage.

Chicago Tribune.

"No, Eph'm," admitted the Carolina negro to the Northern relative, who was disposed to crow over him, "I don't have no vote, but I've repented in Washin' by a heap mo' Congressmen than you is."

File and Fisticula Cure.

Sample treatment of our Red Cross File and Fisticula Cure and book explaining cause and cure sent free to any address by mail. DR. REA & CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

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BROSAN'S
Great Xmas Sale This Week

Read and examine these very useful Holiday Gifts. Make presents of useful goods and leave worthless toys alone. Here are good things in the garment line, besides our Silks, Dress Goods, Handkerchiefs and Glove Gifts, etc.

Railroad Fares Refunded to All Points

Remember you don't have to leave the store to get your railroad fare back.

See our show windows for the right presents at the right prices... No fancy profits on Holiday Goods.

This week's Great Sale of CLOAKS, FURS, SUITS, SILK, WAISTS, SILK, SKIRTS, SILK PETTICOATS

A Brosnan Suit in blouse or tight-fitting will add to your looks on Xmas. East of or any other time, there is a line of \$15.00, \$17.50 and \$18.00 suits. Tailored to order. Xmas week sale \$11.50

This Beautiful Waist \$5 Ladies' Silk Waist

It is made of a heavy quality of Taffeta Silk—in black and all the fashionable colors—lined throughout; Dress-maker finish.

The design shows the new double pointed front, with croch buttons on plait and collar; sleeves, front and back, are covered with rows of stitching between, Dress sleeves, flare cuffs.

What is more desirable than a pretty silk waist for party or street wear? Here is a beauty, in all colors, you can't match for \$5.00.

The Great Jacket Sale

Buy your Jackets this week. Our Great Xmas Sale will be cheaper than in January.

Here is a lot of 22-in. Jackets, worth \$6.50 to \$7.50, in fine cloths, fancy trimmed, \$2.98

Here is a real Marten Scarf, \$12.50, value for... \$9.50

Railroad fares will also be refunded on these bargains as well as on other goods.

BROSAN BROS.

TOYS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

For Christmas Presents

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OPEN EVERY EVENING

Kipp Bros. Co.

EL & SYMPHONIE

CLEAR **HAVANA**

The Choice of Connoisseurs

BECAUSE OF UNQUESTIONED SUPERIORITY

The Smoke of Smokes BECOMES A MELODY IN ASHES!

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